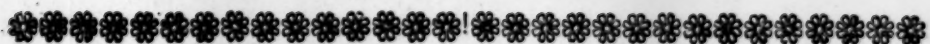




AN
E P I S T L E
TO
His Grace the Duke of N e.
ON HIS
R E S I G N A T I O N.



[Price Sixpence.]

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A N
E P I S T L E
T O
His Grace the DUKE of N * * * * E,
O N H I S
R E S I G N A T I O N.
By an Independant Whig.

Exitus probat Res.

SEN.



L O N D O N :

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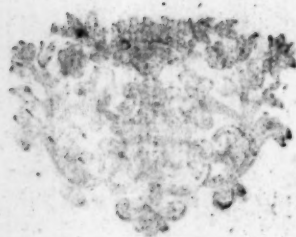
AN
EPISTLE
TO

His Grace the Duke of Northumberland

ON HIS
RESIGNATION.

By an Independent Whig.

Extinguish the
Sinner



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A N
E P I S T L E
T O
His Grace the DUKE of N * * * *,
O N H I S
R E S I G N A T I O N.

W H E N orient PHOEBUS gilds the opening Day,
Or glows Meridian with a brighter Ray ;
While INDIA'S Sons his blifsful Influence feel,
The sweet Senfation kindles into Zeal ;
To him they bow, to him their Vows they pay :
But when at Eve his radiant Powers decay,

B

And his long glorious Course is almost run,
 Averse they look, and court the next Day's Sun.
 Not so the Muse: the Muse, not of the Train
 Of such as softly trill some tinsel Strain,
 Who to court Music grate a scrannel Reed,
 And blazon ev'ry Minion's ev'ry Deed.
 A Muse, my Lord, that never spent an Hour
 In weaving Chaplets for the Brow of Pow'r,
 Nor first, nor last of the AONIAN Maids,
 Fair Welcome bids you to your CLERMONT's Shades.

WHAT tho' the venal Slaves of Pow'r and State,
 No more with Morning Incense crowd your Gate;
 To you, their God, no longer crouching low,
 Catch at the gracious Sunshine of your Brow:
 What tho' your Coffers groan not with the Weight
 Of the rich Bullion of a pilfer'd State:
 Nor courtly Pension greet your patriot Ear
 With Music of three thousand Pounds the Year.
 Shall your great Soul no rich Sensation feel
 From your past Labours for the public Weal,
 Those Labours Heav'n hath sanction'd with Success,
 Nor taste a more than Mortal's Happiness.

GENIUS of BRITAIN, why the tearful Eye?—

- “ Ah ! why,” the Genius answers with a Sigh,
 “ Shall he, whose faithful Services commend
 “ The Friend and Guardian, to no private End
 “ Who ne’er abus’d the delegated Power,
 “ Nor slept when I requir’d the wakeful Hour;
 “ Ah, why shall he th’ important Trust resign!—
 “ Not thus I hail’d the Hour, that made him mine.
 “ By his Address what numerous Conquests plann’d,
 “ Have mark’d his Monarch’s Fame in every Land ;
 “ While GALLIC Pride triumphantly o’erthrown,
 “ BRITANNIA calls each Hemisphere her own !

By *his Address*?—As the sagacious Cit
 Sucks in with Coffee, Politics and Wit;
 By *his* — he cries, does BRITAIN *thus prevail*?
 Our golden Boxes tell a different Tale.
 With Nose fastidious curl’d, and clouded Brow,
 * He spoke, and shook his Peruke’s flaxen Flow.

* Η ἐν κρηττοῦσι καὶ σφύροις πρὸς Κροναῖον.
 Ἀμφοτέρω δ’ ἀπὸ χροῦσι σφαιροειδὲς αἰάντος,
 Κροτὸς αὖ ἀβαντοῖο μένος δ’ ἐλαδίζεν ὀλεμύτος.

Good sober Sense to him, if such there be,
 Childishly fond of Popularity,
 That on Detraction's rotten Base would raise
 To his own Fame the Pyramid of Praise :
 Who, tho' not first distinguish'd Worth to wound,
 Yet loves to hear the rancorous Lie go round ;
 Who will not boast, " 'Twas I did every Thing,
 I sav'd the Nation, I emblaz'd the King :"
 But loves to hear the Adulation vile,
 And pays the Flatterer with a gracious Smile.

WITH artist Hand three Monarchs saw you Guide
 Thro' foreign Wars, and Faction's heady Tide,
 The Ship of State ; they saw this Ship of State
 Triumphant ride, with all its glorious Freight ;
 Saw you with many a buffling Storm contend,
 A wakeful Servant, and the fastest Friend.
 But you, my Lord, must yield to Fate : — A Wight,
 Famous for length of Beard, and second Sight,
 Thrice round him wav'd a Magic Wand he bore,
 And open'd thus vast Depths of mystic Lore.

- " In CALEDONIA see ! a Genius rise,
 " A Genius form'd for Deeds of high Emprise :
 " Statesman self-taught ; by Nature mark'd for Rule,
 " With bright Affessors of the *Cocoa-School*.
 " So wise, so happy in a wise Cabal,
 " So truly great, so truly national,
 " Beneath his sway what *Halcyon* Days approach !
 " While bare-foot SAWNEY vaults into his Coach :
 " In more than native Pride, the Thistle glows
 " With all the Beauties of the faded Rose.
 " S * * * * E is mute : Place, Pension, Taxes cease ;
 " And Faction wears the candid Robes of Peace.
 " These Chiefs shall bless us with perpetual Spring,
 " And give a Day of Promise to their King."

YET where were these, when from the frozen North
 Th' adventurous Chieftain led his Vagrants forth ;
 When Desolation mark'd the destin'd Land,
 And pausing Fortune seem'd in Doubt to stand,
 Whether to bless with Liberty benign
 This happy Isle in GEORGE's royal Line ;

Or in subservience to a Tyrant's Nod
 Bid BRITAIN crouch, and Kiss the iron Rod?
 Who then 'gainst Freedom's Foes conspicuous stood,
 Who then was first to stem Rebellion's Flood?
 And who were first (for Fear with wise Controul
 From other Aid with-held the dastard Soul)
 Who then to Freedom's Foes were first to pledge the Bowl?
 HOLLES, what Cares then rack'd your Patriot Breast;
 What restless Night's were your's, to give your Country Rest!
 Till bounteous Fate your happy Counsels sped,
 And fix'd the well-worn Crown on GEORGE's Head.

IN Lands remote, and in a distant Age,
 There liv'd, as Story tells, an antient Sage:
 His Morn and Evening Study was Mankind;
 So prone to Change he saw the human Mind,
 So prone to Change he saw all earthly Things,
 That rich, or poor, King's Favourites, or Kings,
 He held none happy, till the Hand of Fate
 Beyond the Power of Change had mark'd their State.
 Thus I, howe'er the scope of vulgar Eyes,
 However gap'd at with a dumb Surprize,

No lucky Statesman foolishly admire,
 Till I behold the great good Man retire.
 With various lure so many Passions wait
 'Round him, who fills the glittering Chair of State;
 So strong their Eloquence, how very few
 Have uneduc'd attain'd the Goal in View!
 By FACTION brav'd, too patient of Controul,
 Now FEAR to mean Compliance moulds the Soul:
 On this AMBITION lavishly exhales
 Sweet POPULARITY's ambrosial Gales;
 Then AVARICE takes the lead, AMBITION flies,
 And all the PATRIOT in a *Pension* dies.

THROUGH each great Scene, your firmer Mind pursu'd
 Your Monarch's Glory, and your Country's Good.
 No little Passion lur'd your Soul astray
 To other Paths than Honour's public Way:
 No little Complaisance to *party* Rage,
 No *buffing* with the Humours of the Age,
 Fix'd at the Helm full forty Years, your Place
 'Twas worn by Worth, and rais'd on Virtue's Base.

If ought was deem'd still wanting to compleat
 Your Race of Glory, 'twas your late Retreat:
 No *Pension's* Purchase, but the *Patriot's* Choice,
 'Twas *Reason's* Dictates, and 'twas *Honour's* Voice.
 This COURSE, this END, thus firmly to pursue,
 Is worthy BRITISH VIRTUE, worthy You.

F I N I S.

